

## Sara Gets A Tattoo

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Summary: Leonard, Sara and Mick go the tattoo parlor.

### Sara Gets A Tattoo

**\*\*Atlanta, Georgia, 1998\*\***

**\*\*Hank's Tattoo Parlor\*\***

"I can't believe that I let you talk me into this. I have never gotten a tattoo in my entire life."

"Blondie, you should be happy that I even asked you to come. Snart didn't think you had the guts."

Sara turned her head until she was eye-to-eye with Leonard and she raised an eyebrow at him. "Oh, so you thought that I would be too scared to get a tattoo?"

Leonard half-heartedly flipped through a motorcycle magazine as he replied, "Well, you have to admit that you aren't the tattoo-wearing type. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if you had a fake tattoo at some point in your life. Probably in college."

Sara said nothing. Her eyes darted away as she was clearly embarrassed at being found out that quickly. Sometimes, it felt like Leonard could read her like a book while she was clueless as to how he was feeling. That was not fair. Mick noticed Sara's behavior and he started laughing.

"Hot damn! Blondie, you really had a fake tattoo? Lemme guess, it was an oversized butterfly or your favorite flower?"

Mickey said this to antagonize Sara, which worked only a little bit. She knew that he would say something dumb, sexist or chauvinistic eventually, but knowing beforehand didn't mean it didn't wasn't going to irritate her. Sara sent Mick a warning death glare.

"As a matter of fact, the tattoo I had-"

"\*\*Fake\*\* tattoo," Leonard interrupted, correcting her.

Sara rolled her eyes and continued. "The fake tattoo that I had was actually a red and green dragon. It may have been a stick-on, but it looked amazing. I miss it."

Leonard tossed the motorcycle magazine on the small table in front of him and put his feet up on the hard surface. "What happened to it?"

Sara looked away. "It was washed away after Queen's Gambit sank..."

From the quiet tone of her voice, it was clear that Sara didn't want to talk about it, so Leonard didn't attempt to get any more from her on that subject. They had been in a relationship for a little over a year, and both he and Sara had confided private things to each other, but some things took time to talk about than others. The sinking of Queen's Gambit was one of them.

Len and Sara were pretty messed up and both of them had an equal amount of baggage to carry. It would be a while before they could really break down those long-held barriers and completely trust each other. Given their back history, it was a miracle that they could even talk about the deep stuff without going crazy. Thankfully, they already had a great rapport and their bond was strengthened by their friendship. They were gradually working their way to becoming closer.

A tall woman with three rings in her nose - her name was Cleo - came through the beaded curtain and motioned to Sara. "I'm ready for you now, miss."

Sara gave her a small smile and stood up, following her past the curtain and to the tattoo chair. Cleo smiled at Sara and put her hands on her hips. "Well, you've had a look at our catalogue. Is there anything that stood out to you or is there something different you had in mind?"

Sara thought for a moment, she looked at the curtain, then back at Cleo. "You know...now that I think about it, yes, there **is** something different I had in mind."

Leonard was about to fall asleep due to how long Sara's tattoo was taking. He had looked through all of the motorcycle, popular science and popular mechanics magazines the tattoo parlor had. He was getting tired and his eyes needed a rest, so he slid down on the worn red couch and lowered his lids.

It hadn't been ten minutes that he had closed his eyes when he heard a female voice say, "I'm all set."

Leonard sighed and stretched his neck. Mick was standing next to

Sara, a big grin on his face. Leonard frowned slightly at that. Mick rarely smiled the goofy way he was right then and Leonard realized that it must be about Sara's tattoo. He stood up and walked over to Sara.

"Well, what did you get? A white canary?"

Sara just smirked at Leonard and pulled the sleeve of her v neck up so he could see her tattoo. Right on her left shoulder was indeed a white canary with something that looked suspiciously familiar over its eyes.

"...Are those goggles?"

Mick snorted and Sara grinned at Leonard as she nodded in reply. "Yep, and look a few inches below that."

Leonard did as she told him and saw in big, blue cursive font, Captain Canary. He blinked more than once, certain that his eyes were deceiving him. When it was clear that his eyes were perfectly fine and that Sara's tattoo still said Captain Canary, he looked at her in honest confusion.

"Captain Canary? What the hell is that?"

Sara laughed and poked Leonard on the chest. "That's you and me, Len. It's our relationship name. Captain Canary. Has a nice ring to it, doesn't it?"

"It definitely screams romance," Mick said, clearly amused by the tattoo and Leonard's reaction.

Leonard smirked just a little bit and he looked back down at Sara's new tattoo. The goggles made sense now. He thought that the tattoo was pretty cute, not that he would ever admit so to Sara, especially not in front of Mick, who was enjoying himself far too much.

"Did you come up with that yourself?"

"Mhm. It took forever. I was brainstorming for something good to go with the goggles and the canary. Then I realized if I combined our code names together, it would be a perfect tattoo."

After paying the cashier, Leonard, Sara and Mick walked out of the parlor together. Leonard put his arm around Sara and pulled her sleeve up to take another look at her tattoo, observing the inks in the sunlight.

"At first it was kind of strange to look at, but now, it's growing on me. Don't expect me to get a matching one, though, Lance. I have an image to protect after all."

Sara grinned and replied, "Wouldn't dream of it."

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